

## Pagan Altar

### "Production"

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Tonight a carnivore is out  
Lust burning in his head  
The need for flesh leads him  
Right between your thighs  
Violent energy hammers  
His body into yours, animalistic rituals  
No love, just wantoness  
No love, just wantoness  
Lust, physical, liquids, blood  
One big piece  
Of meat they are  
Slaves of sexuality  
Careless sinners  
Producing  
A hunger for  
Someone's most infected  
And rotten parts  
One constant  
Rhythm of work  
For the bad machine  
Extending your hole  
Sucking out  
The entire pride  
Of the partner's meat  
Crude penetration  
It makes him roar  
Body against body  
Sweat, saliva, and sperm  
And once again he scores...

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